

Phillipsburg Herald.

PHILLIPSBURG, - KANSAS.

Said Khalid was in the past tense anyhow.

Paradoxically A. T. Stewart's successors failed to succeed.

Miss Thurlow wants \$100,000 for having been chewing Gum Adams' tuffit fruit.

Straws showing which way the political winds blow are beginning to fill the air.

Popularity is generally the creature of accident, and comes and goes as the wind blows.

Some people try to apologize for the ocean's angry roar because it has been crossed so often.

It is an excellent thing to be able to sing well, and the next best thing is to know you can't.

Trying to be happy is like trying to go to sleep. You will not succeed unless you forget that you are trying.

Now that the Spanish government has indorsed Gen. Weyler's conduct no further ignominy should be hurled at him.

As to the smashing of the large cheese box which was known in Zanzibar as the sultan's palace, it was magnificent, but it was not war.

A colored man of Indianapolis has been arrested for the eighth time for stealing oats. He never steals anything else, and he has come to be known as "Oats Powell."

Two prominent citizens of Columbus, Ohio, got into a political discussion the other day which resulted in one shooting the other. A humorist remarked that it was "an opening gun of the campaign."

At the funeral of Nicols F. Crouch at Baltimore recently a choir sang his famous song, "Kathleen Mavourneen" over his grave. The song lived longer than its author and will appeal to thousands long after its composer is forgotten.

Chris Sanders, living near Hampton, Iowa, saw Miss Stackhouse and Miss Bell Smith out walking. Imagining that because the young women wore large-sleeved dresses they were birds, he discharged at them both barrels of the shot-gun he was carrying. Sanders isn't the first man to think a girl a bird, but he is the first to try to woo with a shotgun.

France is trying to encourage second marriages, because statistics show that more widows and widowers commit suicide than either married people or those individuals who have never entered upon the marital experience. It is barely possible, however, that these bereaved creatures are so afraid that they may again be rash enough to take upon them the conjugal yoke that they prefer laudanum and the Seine.

That hypnotism produces disease of the cerebral cortex—the most important part of the brain—has just been asserted by an eminent Washington scientist. A more vital argument against the practice is, that it places mind and will under the control of another. No second person has the moral right to wield that power unless direct necessity compels it, and no man or woman under ordinary circumstances can be morally justified in conferring it.

Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., who were said a short time ago to have been cut off by the groom's parents from his share of the family chateaux, sailed to Europe, armed with a maid, twenty-two trunks and two bicycles, all crowded into the shamefully cramped space of a stateroom only twenty times as large as the usual stateroom. Still there are lots of brides and grooms in this world who say that they would be rash enough to be willing to be cut off with a shilling if the shilling was really as large as the shilling given to young Vanderbilt seems to have been.

New Orleans enjoyed a practical test of the anti-high-hat law in theaters last week and it was said to have been a most satisfactory experiment, the fair patrons handing over their precious headgear without a murmur. The unsuspecting men, however, who are now congratulating themselves that they will now be able to see something besides the top of the scene forger that this is the end of the summer, and all the pet pink roses are faded away. Just wait till the winter styles come on, and all the militia in Louisiana won't be able to prevail upon the dear ladies to discard their mountains of feathers and bows.

The Leap Year club of Waco, Ky., composed of nine girls, is all broken up. It came about over a young bachelor merchant, whom some of the members of the club were teasing for not getting married. "I will marry the one of you," said he, "who on a secret vote, you elect to be my wife." The girls held a meeting, the ballots were distributed, but lo! when the count came it was found that each girl had received one vote. Mr. Taylor remains a bachelor, the club has disbanded, and the girls, it is said, are all mortal enemies.

LUMINOUS GOWNS.

THEY MAY SOON BE FASHIONABLE FOR WOMEN.

A French Scientist Discovers a Powder That Makes Dress Goods Shine at Night—Its Effects to Be Used by Dressmakers.



STARTLING revolution in fashionable dressmaking has been made possible by the recent discovery in France of a highly luminous powder, by the use of which the most elaborate toilets of the past will be eclipsed.

This new discovery applied to dressmaking makes possible a perfectly bewildering variety of effects. The discovery, recently announced in Paris, was made by M. Henry, a French scientist. The principal ingredient of this magical powder is sulphate of zinc, which, it is generally known, possesses the power of absorbing light and giving it back in the dark.

M. Henry has succeeded in manufacturing, at trifling expense, a powder which can reproduce almost any color of the rainbow. It is impervious to moisture, is not affected by carbolic or any weak acid and is therefore absolutely permanent and durable.

The importance of such a pigment to dressmaking can hardly be overestimated. A woman cyclist, her gown dusted all over with this powder, would be transformed into a moving, shimmering figure of light on the darkest night.

The refrugent light could not be extinguished by the hardest rain. It would be visible not only for a considerable distance, but would shed a soft glow over everything around. A wheelwoman equipped in this way would never be in danger of being arrested for riding without a lamp.

The most attractive use of the new powder yet discovered is in making lace worn on black dresses luminous. A special powder which produces a soft pearl light has been recently used for this purpose in Paris. The effect of bands and festoons of this soft light upon a black dress is said to be bewitching. When such a costume is worn by a wheelwoman, this remarkable luminous lace fluttering and swaying in the breeze produces a very beautiful effect.

There is at present a house in the Rue de Longchamps, Paris, where a windowless suite of rooms is lighted entirely by this powder. Everything in the apartments is covered with it, and a number of striking color effects have been introduced. The apartments seem bathed in moonlight, and the curtains appear as if studded with glowworms. The furniture is rubbed with the powder, and the walls and ceiling treated with it, radiate light. The play of light on all these colored objects produces an effect suggestive of the most fanciful conception of Aladdin's magical underground palace.

Everything Backward. The Chinese do everything the wrong way according to our views. Their compass points to the south instead of the north.

The men wear skirts and the women wear trousers; the men wear their hair long, while the women coil theirs into a knot.

The dressmakers are men, and women carry the burdens.

The spoken language is not written and the written language is not spoken. Books are read backward and any notes are inserted at the top.

White is used for mourning and bridesmaids always wear black, and instead of being young maidens are old women.

The Chinese surname comes first and they shake their own hand instead of the hand of the person introduced.

Vessels are launched sideways and horses are mounted from the off side.

They commence their dinner with dessert and end with soup and fish.—Chicago News.

A Boy's Bicycle Lawn Mower.

I never walk about in the town without being impressed with the ingenuity of the small boy. A few afternoons ago I was passing a house out on the road to the Soldiers' Home. It was rather a handsome house, with a wide sweep of velvety lawn, windingly intersected by a cement driveway. A boy of about 14 was cutting the narrow fringe of grass beside the driveway. He was mounted on a bicycle, and as he rode he pushed the lawn mower along beside him. Of course, it was much harder work than walking with the grass cutter would have been and a deal slower in the doing, but no real live boy is ever going to let such trifling considerations as those have weight with him.—Washington Post.

A Tandem Shooting Match.

In western New York a novel target shooting match took place recently, in which the contestants were mounted upon tandem bicycles. The participants in the match occupied the front seats, while their assistants occupied the rear seats and managed the wheels. Targets were thrown into the air from traps in front of the wheel, and so accurate was the aim of the winner that he scored 18 out of 20. This is probably the first tandem shooting match on record, although there are a number of trick riders who make a specialty of breaking glass balls while in motion on their wheels.—New York Press.

TREED BY A WILD BOAR.

Thrilling Adventure of an Illinoisan Who Was Hunting in California.

From the St. Louis Globe Democrat.—Theodore Roosevelt of New York is fond of talking about his experiences in California, and during one of these narrations he said:

"The most exciting and risky hunting on the Pacific coast today is among the wild hogs, down on the bottom lands of the Colorado river, fifty miles south of the old town of Yuma. A party of us was down there last year, and I believe we had adventures enough to thrill our sportsmen friends for a full generation."

A great many hunters in California indorse every word of Commissioner Roosevelt's opinion, and no hunting ground for big game is probably becoming more popular than this is in the winter time, when the climate along the lazy, muddy Colorado river is like that of July in the eastern states.

Two years ago an experienced sportsman from southern Illinois was spending the winter in Yuma. He had a pair of very fine, large staghounds, which the owner claimed could run down and kill any wild hog along the Colorado river. One day he took the dogs and rifle and went down the river for a nice little boar, just right for the oven. He had not gone thirty miles, and landing, before he found a band of hogs and little pigs and turned his dogs loose on them when out of the trees near by jumped an enormous boar, a monster, who, with mouth wide open, paying no attention to the dogs, made for the hunter. The latter drew up his rifle and fired, but on came the boar, the dogs nipping him at every jump.

The hunter fired a second shot, but on came the beast. The hunter turned and ran for a mesquite tree a few yards distant, the hog close to his heels. He dropped his gun, jumped for life, grasping a limb of the tree, just as the hog grabbed his pants and tore one-half of them from him, but he was safe, just out of reach. The dogs all this while ran grabbing the hog by the hind legs to which the beast paid no attention. The mad boar seized the bark of the tree in his great tusks and tore it into shreds. Finally he turned upon the dogs, instantly killed one, and wounded the other so that it died soon after. Then he turned his attention to the tree where the hunter sat. He guarded him until it was dark. Twice did the man get down and try to get his rifle, but his foe was on guard and drove him back up the tree. During the night the boar left. Daylight came, and so did help. The men had hardly reached the river and got in their boat when down came the old hog after them, in vain pursuit.

YOUNG LAWYERS AND OLD.

Letter Think the Former Are Not Maintaining a High Standard.

The swearing in of an additional number of new members of the bar has taken place within a few days, both in New York and Brooklyn, says the New York Tribune. Some of the names in each list were those of members of well-known legal families, but a large number of the applicants admitted gave no evidence of especially high character and training. Some older members of the bar who are most careful of the honor and dignity of the profession have complained that the character of newly admitted lawyers is not as high as in former years. A member of one of the largest firms recently complained that he found it difficult to get satisfactory clerks among the young members of the bar. The law schools are certainly as efficient as ever and the range of studies is wider than under old systems.

One reason of the complaint which undoubtedly exists as to the capacity of the recently admitted members of the bar may be that many of them have studied in offices where only a special branch of the profession is carried on. The number of lawyers paying attention mainly to one branch of the law has grown larger within a few years. The collection of accounts is largely in the hands of firms making a specialty of "commercial law" and collections and in other branches there has been a similar movement toward a separation of particular parts of law work. Whatever may be the reason, it is certain that many of the young members of the bar are not trained in the general practice of their professions.—Lead Politics.

A Wheel for Fifteen Riders.

The latest thing on wheels, a quindie, or cycle for 15 riders, is to be built for a New York club of 15 enthusiasts. In England a vehicle to carry 12 riders has already been built, and in this country an enterprising firm turns them out for six riders. These are not bicycles, but tri-cycles, with one wheel in front and two in the rear.

The newest machine is to have one seat in front for the steersman and then seven pairs of seats behind, side by side. The gear will be 158, which is enormous, and every revolution of the pedals will drive the machine ahead 46 feet 8 inches. Special tubing will have to be ordered and the stoutest of pneumatic tires.—Exchange.

A Swarm of Moths.

A peculiar occurrence, of interest to entomologists, was to be observed in the yard of the postoffice, between Hill street and Pinfold street, Birmingham, early one morning. The place was besieged with moths, which gathered in all accessible places, and crawled wildly round the brilliant lights. The number of different species, of all sizes and color, was considerable.

Irish salmon is said to have a richer flavor than either English or Scotch.

LIKE A MONTE CRISTO.

STRATTON'S GREAT LUCK AT CRIPPLE CREEK.

Found Gold at Grass Roots—For Many Years He Wandered Over the Hills of Colorado, Poor as a Mouse, Looking for Pay Dirt—Struck It Rich at Last.



THE story of Mr. W. S. Stratton, a Cripple Creek goldmine owner, is like a tale from Arabian Nights. Mr. Stratton owns the great Independence mine which has been turning out nearly \$2,000 a day for the past year, and in which it is estimated there are from four to seven million dollars of gold in sight. It is one of the richest gold mines of the world, and the man who owns it was working five years ago at a carpenter's bench. Up to that time he would have been glad to have netted from the work of his hands \$50 a month. His mine last year, it is said, produced \$960,000, at a cost of about 10 cents on the dollar, and the ore is so rich that he has to keep back his workmen for fear that he will not be able to invest the money which he receives from the gold which they get out. So far he has spent his surplus in buying other mines, and he has today properties which make him the largest individual owner of gold mines in the world. Mr. Marshall Field and other Chicago capitalists offered him \$7,000,000 for his Independence mine alone, and long ago he refused an offer of \$3,000,000 for it. He does not like to talk about it, and an offer of \$10,000,000 wouldn't tempt him. He says that the gold is in the mine and can't run away. It is safer there than in the safe deposit, and the best bank for him is Old Mother Earth.

Millionaire Stratton is only 48 years of age, but he looks to be more than 60. His hair is as white as the driven snow, and his naturally dark complexion has been changed to a mahogany brown by the hardships of his laborious career and the anxiety for his hunt for gold. He is nervous in the extreme, and he has little capacity for happiness. The story of his life is that of a man who has devoted himself to finding a mine, and who, after twenty years of failure, has at last succeeded. He has succeeded by luck and work more than by any special ability, and though he is a man of good common sense, you might find 90 men quite as good out of any 100 carpenters that you could select.

Born in Indiana, having learned the carpenter's trade, he drifted out to Colorado Springs when he was along about 20 years of age. He began at once to prospect for gold. He worked at his trade in the winter to get the money necessary to keep him alive in the mountains in the summer, and day after day and year after year he climbed the rocks and wandered over the hills looking for the mines. At one time he had saved \$3,000. He invested this in a mine and lost it. He is a man of few amusements and of little intellectual resource. He failed again and again, and up to 1891 he was worth practically nothing. He had at this time a house in Colorado Springs, which was mortgaged, and it was in May of that year that he, rendered almost desperate by his repeated failures, went to prospect about Cripple Creek. He realized that there was some gold in the bowlders or float which lay on the grazing lands of this region, but up to this time no one had considered the rock to be worth much. As Mr. Stratton walked over the fields he noticed one stone, the corner of which some former prospector had chipped off. He picked up the broken piece and sent it to Denver to be assayed. It yielded over \$300 to the ton. This surprised Mr. Stratton. He at once gathered a wagon load of other stones lying about the place and sent these to the assayer's. They told him that the last was worth only \$10 a ton. This, however, showed Mr. Stratton there was gold there, and he staked out a claim about the big bowlder and went to work. It was the Fourth of July when he began to mine, and he named his property "The Independence" in honor of the day.

He found gold almost from the grass roots. The ore grew richer as he dug down, and after a short time he found pockets and fissures filled with gold. The gold did not run regularly. Sometimes there would be a pocket as big as the average parlor, and sometimes the rock containing the rich ore would extend only to the size of a tumbler. He sunk his shaft, however, and ran out laterals from 200 to 300 feet on either side. He soon began to find gold everywhere. Even the rocks lying on the surface of the ground netted him a fortune. There were some great bowlders near his shaft. He had these broken up with dynamite, and from them alone he got \$60,000. It was not, however, all clear sailing. At one time the gold seemed to have played out, and he offered to sell the mine for \$150,000. His offer was refused, and within a few days after this he made another rich strike, and for 25 days he took out about one thousand dollars a day. At present he has gone between 600 and 700 feet down into the earth, and there is no doubt whatever but that there are millions of dollars worth of gold between the levels which have been already mined. The mine seems to be growing richer as it goes downward, and his refusal to sell it for \$7,000,000 was, in the minds of many here, a good business decision. A man whose income has been about \$3 a day finds it hard to jump at once to the spending of \$2,000 to \$3,000 a day. Mr.

Stratton at present is not attempting to live up to his income. His office are of the most unpretentious nature, and he secludes himself in order to keep off the beggars. For some weeks he had to have a policeman about his home at Cripple Creek to keep the crowd away from him, and his private secretary says that he receives about 200 begging letters a day. He is not a mean man, but he has no idea of the possibilities nor the pleasure of giving. His charities so far have been purely individual, and in most cases to his friends. Not long ago his driver saved his life and that of his sister by keeping the horses in the road during an attempted runaway. At the end of the drive Stratton gave the man a check for \$1,000. He has given his wife, who is separated from him, \$50,000.

BLACKMAIL AS A BUSINESS.

Examples That Show Its Great Development in England.

There are in the west end of London some half-dozen places where the servants, male and female, of the wealthy congregate in their hours of leisure, says Cassell's Saturday Journal. Some of these are devoted to men's and women's use respectively; at others "James" meets Jane. Each rendezvous is patronized by its own particular little clique. An "outsider" attending one of these gatherings would be at once struck by a peculiar feature. Amid the buzz of conversation on all sides would be heard the repetition of famous names.

The business, the fads and the follies of "my lord" and "her ladyship" are discussed with a freedom that strikes the venerator of the aristocracy as being little short of sacrilegious. This circumstance is turned frequently to nefarious but profitable account by an individual who, in the guise of a bona-fide servant, lurks often amid the throng. Skeletons exist in not a small number of gilded cupboards. Their presence once suspected, ingenuity and shrewd cunning soon turn mere conjecture into evidence-supported fact. The blackmailing valet or lady's maid is a recognized terror to society. A season or two ago the personal servant of a well-known man, having a nice little sum, resolved to purchase a small country public house. Chatting one day with a colleague casually encountered, the stranger declared he knew of the very thing. Growing confidential over their glasses the valet foolishly hinted that his master was not altogether the saint he was usually set down as. The blackmailer chuckled. He went diligently to work to find an investment for the valet, and when he succeeded, made a bargain that in return for his services he should be recommended for the vacant place. He got it and at once commenced to pry into his master's affairs. Bit by bit he learned the gentleman's whole history, gathered proof of various things not to his credit, and then one evening, just prior to his master's marriage to a lady of position, he confronted him in his own study, mentioned the evidence he was in possession of and demanded £800 as the price of his silence. And the money was paid on condition that the man leave England.

Substantial as was the amount thus extorted, it is not every victim that escapes even thus cheaply. Sacrifices yet dearer than the making of monetary payments are sometimes called for by the blackmailers' demands. Not a great while back a gentleman of position poisoned himself. Reason for his so doing there appeared to be none. On the death of an old servant of his, however, the whole truth came out. The man had, it seems, faithfully served his master.

The Cocoa Tree.

The plant producing the cocoa of commerce is a tree seldom grown to a height greater than seventeen or eighteen feet, but is sometimes known to reach a height of thirty feet. It is known to botanists as theobroma cacao. It bears an oblong fruit, ribbed longitudinally, measuring from six to ten inches.

MORE OR LESS HUMOROUS.

Fourthbell—"Your cook has been with you a long time, has she not?" Brownstone—"We have been with her five years."—Puck.

Mrs. Elmore—"I wonder how many stops that new organ of De Smyth's has got?" Elmore—"Only three, I should judge. One for each meal."—Buffalo Times.

First Traveler—"Does the train stop here long enough to let you get something to eat?" Second Traveler—"No; just long enough to let you pay for what you order."—Tit-Bits.

Traveler (at the restaurant)—"These sandwiches are fearfully small!" Restaurant keeper—"What's the difference? The trains only wait here one minute."—Fort Jervis Gazette.

"I suppose you know all about the financial question?" said the intimate friend. "I don't say that I know all about it," replied the candidate, "but I know enough not to talk about it."—Washington Star.

"You don't need any return check," said the doorkeeper. "I'll know your face when you come back." "I don't know whether you will or not," said the man. "The bar-keeper I am going to stand off for my drink is about twenty pounds heavier than I am."—Indianapolis Journal.

Rapagall Haggard (musingly)—"Dis gambin' in stocks is mighty risky business; to-day you make a thousand dollars an tomorrow you lose twice as much." Wabblly Walker (who has a bulging brow)—"If dat's de way it goes I've got a scheme dat will beat de game." "What is it?" "Gamble to-day and lay off tomorrow."—New York World.

THIS GHOST WAS A REAL ONE.

"Capt. Steve" Turned Pale at the Apparition in the Fog.

Many years ago, before Mr. Grummond had become the owner of a fleet and controlled it from an office in this city, he was a navigator of the waters of the great lakes and was known all the way from Buffalo to Duluth as "Capt. Steve," says the Detroit Journal.

Steamboats burned wood in those days and up near Sarnia, on the Canadian side, there was a wood station known as Corona and the proprietor of the dock was a man named Baxter—a man as small as Grummond was large. The two were warm personal friends and for years the captain had made it a point to be short of wood whenever he neared Baxter's dock.

One day the captain was upward bound, had a hold full of fuel and went steaming by without stopping. On his previous downward trip he had found Baxter quite ill and was on the lookout for him. He hugged the Canadian shore, but when he came abreast the dock could not discern the figure of his friend among the piles of wood. Others were there and the captain made a trumpet of his hands and hailed: "Where's Baxter?"

The reply came but indistinctly to his ears, but he heard the unwelcome words:

"Dead. Buried yesterday." The captain was shocked by the intelligence and was remarkably quiet for a sailor on that trip. When he neared Corona on his return he whistled for a landing and remarked that while the crew was getting a hold of wood aboard he would go up to the house, learn the circumstances of Baxter's death and speak a few consoling words to the widow.

It was dark when the steamer reached the dock, and it was also foggy. Even the outlines of a pile of wood could not be discerned six feet away, and when the captain stepped ashore to make a selection he called for a lantern.

Everybody knows the peculiar shapes objects take on when swathed in fog, weird and grotesque, even though indistinct. The captain walked along a pile to its far end and then raised the lantern above his head to see the height of the pile and estimate the number of cords it contained. As he did so there appeared beneath his upraised arm the dim outlines of a male figure, the features ghastly pale in the gray of the fog, but beyond question the features of the dead Baxter.

Capt. Grummond used to say that he was never so frightened in his life. He dropped the lantern, staggered backward, caught a heel against an obstruction and fell. Somebody picked up both him and the light. It was Baxter.

The mystery lay in the fact that the man upon the dock had announced the death and burial of Mrs. Baxter as a sufficient reply to the hail of Capt. Grummond as he was upward bound.

Few Sunstrokes in Japan.

"This is my first visit to America and I am delighted with everything but the weather," said Mr. T. K. Date, a bright young Japanese gentleman. "I am greatly astonished to read in your papers of the numbers of people who die from excessive heat. In Tokyo we have three months of very hot weather, just about the sort that you have in Washington, but it is a rare thing for any of my countrymen to expire from sunstroke. I think one reason that such deaths are infrequent in Japan is that the people dress in much lighter clothing than they do in the United States. They also are more temperate in the matter of food and drink, eating no meats and drinking no very ardent spirits. The rice beer that the natives make contains some percentage of alcohol, but it isn't strong enough to do much hurt."—Washington Post.

A Witty Prelate.

The stories that are told of Archbishop Ryan's wit would fill a small volume. A well-known priest called upon him one day to ask for a vacation on the ground that his health required it. As he was noted for his frequent absences from his parish, the prelate could not let slip the opportunity. He granted the leave of absence promptly, with a recommendation: "The physicians say that you need a change of air, father?" "They do, your grace." "How would it do, then, to try the air of your parish for a month or two as a change?" He remonstrated with a priest whose silk hat had seen its best days before the war. "I would not give up that hat for twenty new ones," said the priest. "It belonged to my father, who fell in the rising of '48." "And evidently fell on the hat," said the archbishop.

A Suicidal Craze.

For a long time Parisians have been spared the spectacle of persons throwing themselves from the tops of the high monuments, such as the Vendome and Bastille columns. Now this craze of suicides has started afresh. Some days ago a young woman mounted to the platform between the towers of Notre Dame, deliberately climbed the parapet and threw herself over. Death was instantaneous.

X Rays Proved Him Safe.

A Hamburg young man has just had his sanity proved by the Roentgen rays. He declared ten years ago that he had a bullet in his head, which he had fired into it in trying to commit suicide. He complained of pain, and, as he attacked his keepers and the doctors could find no trace of a wound, was locked up as a dangerous lunatic. The Roentgen rays have now shown the exact place of the bullet.